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How likest thou this picture?

TIMON OF ATHENS.

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•LIFE•



Ave!

THE sailor boy returns, and he can have small doubts as to the sincerity of his welcome.

We are proud of him. He gave us the coolest, most off-hand, gentlemanly victory that ever ruffled the sea. It was so simple; and so short!

Then his subsequent behavior all through those trying months when the Germans did their best to spoil his temper was worthy of yet another medal.

May he live long and enjoy his laurels!

The Great Vacationer.

THE managers of the Republican Trust know their business. They are not going to let their hired man use himself up by too close attention to his public duties. Consequently, next week Mr. McKinley proceeds West, where he will distribute benignant smiles, impressive hand-shakes, and let the light of his oleaginous personality increase the carefully cultivated belief that not only is he the only Republican fit to receive the party's nomination, but that he is the only citizen of the United States whom it is safe to intrust with the nation's financial and other destinies.

After we get through shaking Cousin George Dewey's hand and making him feel at home, LIFE hopes that its Republican friends who are not in the Hanna-Platt-Quay Trust will have a talk with the Admiral, and see if he cannot be induced to replace The Great Vacationer as helmsman of the ship of State.

ASKINGTON: Doesn't Borrowby owe a good deal of money?
GRIMSHAW: Yes. Whenever he appears in my vicinity it seems to me as if the horizon was darkened with bill collectors.



A Toast.

DRINK to the man who took a turn
Down in Manila Bay,
And who then took another turn
And seemed to run away,
But only hauled off for breakfast,
Then finished the fight, they say.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

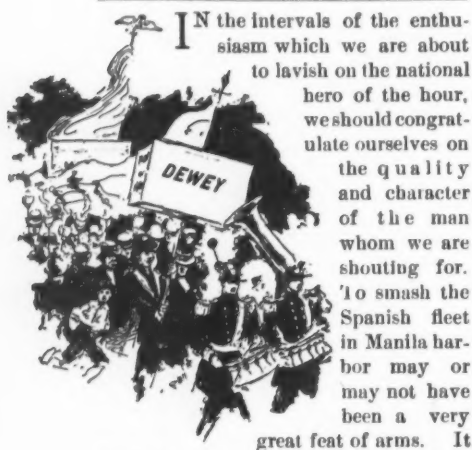
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IN the intervals of the enthusiasm which we are about to lavish on the national hero of the hour, we should congratulate ourselves on the quality and character of the man whom we are shouting for. To smash the Spanish fleet in Manila harbor may or may not have been a very great feat of arms. It seemed so easy that there was risk of underestimating its merits, but fuller knowledge and consideration tend to magnify it, and most thoughtful persons who have meditated on the conditions under which Admiral Dewey's exploit was accomplished have concluded that the credit it brought him was fully earned.

But he might deserve our applause as a fighting Admiral without especially stirring our admiration in other particulars. He might, but it has not happened that way. The beauty about Cousin George is that we like and respect him all around. He has come out just as big since the fight as he did in the fight itself. He has shown himself not only resolute and firm, but patient, sagacious, resourceful, and modest. So far as his use of his opportunities has gone, there has been nothing to regret or to repent of. What we do regret is that they were not more extended. We liked the Admiral as a fighter; we liked him as a statesman and

diplomatist; we like him very much and all the time as an American citizen and as a gentleman. It is a first-rate man that our hats will go off to this week as he rides through the streets of New York. It will do us good to be proud of him, because he is worthy. It will do him no harm because he is modest, and while our cheers may warm his heart, they will never turn his head. As persons interested in the formation of American character and the preservation of American ideals, we have reason to be piously grateful that the place he fills in the public eye is filled by the sort of man he is.



COUSIN GEORGE must see his procession. It will be grand to have him ride a horse at the head of it, but somewhere he ought to stop and see it go by. There are some hard days ahead for the Admiral, but there is no help for it. They will be hard days for the rest of us, too. No doubt it is a current question in thousands of families whether to be back in New York before September 29th or to wait until October 3d and avoid the rush. It is always a serious question with civilized adults whether to see a great procession or to dodge it. This coming procession will have the season in its favor, and ought to have the right sort of weather. More power to it!



THE General Staff of the French army has not yet laid aside the stick with which they have so long belabored Dreyfus, but it has broken in their hands. It no longer raises much of a welt. Dreyfus has again been found guilty by a military court, but while all the world outside of France and a strong contingent inside of France acquit him the sting of the verdict cannot be very deep. It is France, not he, that has been on trial, and France more than he who stands condemned. What we may now expect is to see France try to pardon herself by pardoning him. French militarism is clearly on its defense. Its infamies have been exposed to the world, and the

world is holding its nose over them in no very pleasant state of mind. Our own country, ever since the verdict was announced, has been full of fulminations against French injustice, and the newspapers have recorded numberless expressions of a desire to show the French what we think of them. It is right that the world's opinion of the Dreyfus case should be brought home with vigor to France, that she may the more be impelled to better herself. But her betterment must be her own doing, and no great part of it can be accomplished from outside.

Fortunately for France and for justice, she has a world's fair almost due, which will not be much of a success unless The World comes to it. If she should carry out the latest sentence on Dreyfus it will make so many persons in so many countries so very angry, that the success of her fair would be seriously imperiled. So, obviously, her best course now is to let Dreyfus go, and hope the world will forget about him. Pardoned by France and acquitted by the rest of the world, his plight will not be so bad as to excite a dangerous amount of sympathy.

Well! We shall see what comes. We are firm friends of the France that ought to be, and even the France that is we could ill spare, for a world without Frenchmen conspicuous in it would be like champagne without bubbles. Let us hope for the best, but hope with a rod in pickle for the worst if worse comes.



THE attention of persons who hold that this is not a good country for rich men is invited to what has been said and written about the late Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt. Here was a man of such conspicuous wealth and power as might well have excited such envy as wealth may breed. His place had its burdens, to be sure, but his wealth never brought him into ill favor with his fellows. He was a good man, and everyone has known it. He was liked and respected while he lived, and his death is mourned as a public misfortune. Such men as he, however great their fortunes may be, will never find it necessary to live abroad because a rich American is not suffered to be happy in his own country.



"YOU UNDERSTAND DAT IN DIS CEREMONY, PETER FEWTER, I PROMISES TO OBEY YOU, AND YOU WIF ALL YOUR WORLDLY GOODS DO ME ENDOW—NO DOUBT YOU RECOGNIZE DE FACT DAT IN DIS CASE DEY IS BOFE HORRIBLE BLUFFS."

The Budding Time.

SO! She has broken her troth. With the feckleness of her sex she has forgotten the solemn compact shes so gladly made but yesterday. Before him are the evidences of her treachery and baseness. Hardly a crumb left! And yet she had agreed—in this matter of the chocolate layer cake left over from luncheon—to share and share alike. She had been first to the pantry, and now it was all gone. Manly indignation welled up within him.

"I'll just tell maw on her."

This was his first impulse, but the generosity of his nature stifled it. How beautiful is the budding time of humanity!

"No," he thought, "she'd go and blab the whole thing and say I had half. I hope it makes her sick."

Vain hope. There she is, wheeling her doll carriage up and down in most aggravating contentment.

"And it'll all be laid to me when maw finds it's been swiped," he reflected. Then he reflected some more, twisting Bouncer's tail as an aid to thought. Next he sought his mother.

"Say, maw, can't I have a piece of cake?"

"No, Jimmy. You know I don't allow you to eat between meals."

"Aw, go on, now; just a little piece. I don't want it for myself."

"Who do you want it for?"

"For a little lame boy around the corner."

Ah, the nobility of youth! There was a little lame boy around the corner. You could yell "Limpy! Limpy!" at him and he would chase you with his crutch. Then you could give him some candy or a marble not to tell. Cake would do.

"What a thoughtful little boy mamma has! I'll get it in a moment."

Diplomacy had triumphed. But "maw" found no cake.

"Why, I'm sure some was left from luncheon!"

"I guess the cook gave it all to Marion; I saw her eating some," suggested the thoughtful James. "It's too bad, for the little lame boy don't get much cake."

The cook, being called, made emphatic denial.

"James, tell your sister I want to see her at once in my room."

The promenade on the front sidewalk was interrupted.

"Oh, Jimmy! I hid your half of the cake in the croquet box in the stable," said Marion, as she went, all unconsciously, into the presence of the Waiting Slipper.

"I don't care," said Jimmy, philosophically but indistinctly through a mouthful of cake. He was in the stable, listening to the muffled sounds of distress that floated down from "maw's" chamber window. "She don't get 'em half as often as I do."

Sewell Ford.

Woman-like.

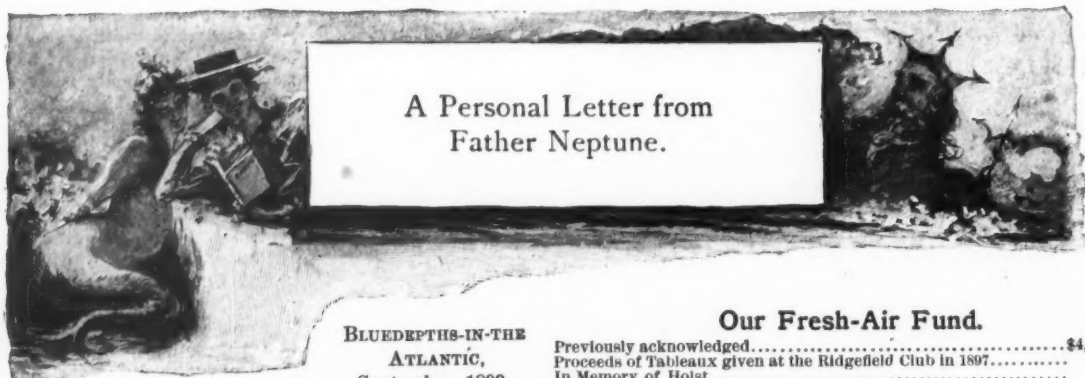
"SHE'S as ugly as a hedge-fence."

"It's her privilege to be ugly."

"But she abuses it."



"A JAIL BIRD."



BLUEDEPTHS-IN-THE
ATLANTIC,
September, 1899.

DEAR LIFE: I have been so busy arranging a safe crossing for that good fellow and gallant sailor, Cousin George Dewey, that I have not been able to answer sooner your inquiries with reference to the yacht races.

In regard to the weather, I can only promise that I will do the best possible. It is almost time for Boreas to start on his annual spree, but I will keep him steady as long as I can. The approach of winter is also likely to make Auster a bit violent. Those two boys are mighty unreliable, you know, and if they should get together off Sandy Hook there would probably be trouble. I can't lock them up in their caves, because, if neither of them should be there, the races would be rather tame affairs.

I can't name the winner for you, because, from what I have seen from below, they seem very evenly matched. My nymphs are threatening to hold back the syndicate's boat so that the bachelor can win, but, of course, I'll prevent that.

You know I like my little joke, and on one of the days, at least, I am going to stir things up some, and make it pleasant for the excursion-boat Johnnies who wear yachting-caps over brains that couldn't tell a yacht from a Barren Island garbage scow. I promise you their agonies will be picturesque and amusing to old salts like you and me.

Those are going to be great days on your edge of the Atlantic, and I wouldn't miss them for a good deal, although just now I have a slight attack of rheumatism from sleeping the other night in an oyster bed. Ta-ta, LIFE. Come down the bay to meet the Admiral and me. We'll both be glad to shake your fin. Until then, believe me, your affectionate daddy,

NEPTUNE.

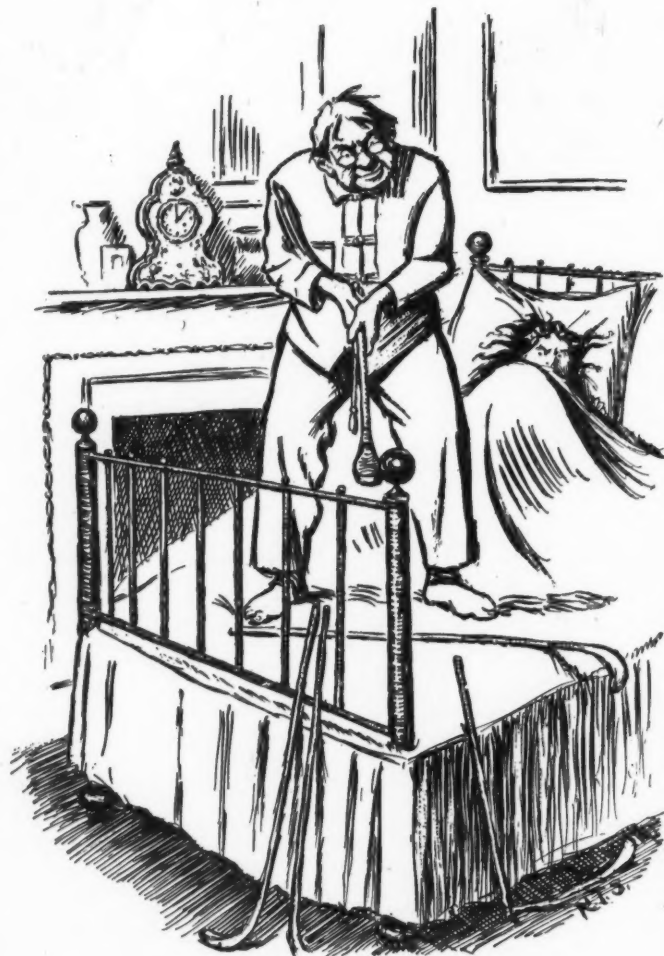
The Patriots.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., Sept. 12.—Colonel Albert D. Shaw returned to-day from the National Grand Army Encampment at Philadelphia, where he was elected Commander-in-Chief, and a reception was given in his honor to-night. He made a speech in which he said he would devote considerable time to pension legislation and that the pension roll could not be too large. If the burden should prove too heavy, he favored a patriot pension bond issue, so that only the interest would have to be met from year to year.—Press Telegram.

THE engaging candor of this statement shows that the G. A. R. has made no mistake in selecting its new Commander. It is one of the finest examples of sordid patriotism ever seen outside of a sutler's tent. To-day the G. A. R. uniform is not exactly what might be called a badge of honor.

Our Fresh-Air Fund.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$4,150 96
Proceeds of Tableaux given at the Ridgfield Club in 1897.....	50 00
In Memory of Holst.....	3 00
Cash.....	1 00
Eleanor and Agnes.....	25 00
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In Memory.....	10 00
	\$4,249 96



THE REASON WHY MRS. GOLFINGTON IS SEEKING A LEGAL SEPARATION.



THE HERO.

ADMIRAL DEWEY MAY OBJECT TO PUBLIC DINNERS AND PARADES AND SPEECHIFYING, BUT HE CANNOT OBJECT TO A HEARTY WELCOME FROM THE GIRLS.



Correspondence of a Patriot.

III.

MANILA, P. I., August, 1899.

MY DEAR BARKER: What with the climate, our hardships and deprivations here in Manila—no ice, and fresh beer a dream—and the meddling of officious regular army aristocrats, a man has a hard life of it who throws up home and friends to face mud, malaria and manslaughter for his flag and country. Ever since the firm hand of the grand old man of Michigan was withdrawn from the helm of war, as the *Pinetop Banner* says, we volunteers have had a tough time of it, and our accounts have been overhauled in a way that makes the blood of a patriot boil with rage.

It was a great mistake to send regulars out here. It didn't make much difference out in the rice swamps, where they can be killed off just as easy as volunteers; but it flooded our department with a lot of West Point stiffies who have no more idea of business than circus camels. If a man at home loses a lot of goods accidentally he wipes it off to profit and loss, marks up his stock at a sacrifice and squares himself. That's business. Here, if it happens, these army chaps ask a lot of impertinent questions; they want courts of inquiry, and affidavits and investigations, and they waste more time nosing around and suspecting people than the stuff is worth. That's red tape, the curse of the army. They seem to like it; but in times of war and excitement, it is absurd and humiliating to a man's self-respect. Where

Our Uncle: NOW, THEN! HIP! HIP! HURRAH!



LIFE'S ALBUM OF FRIENDSHIPS.

JOSEPH PULITZER AND WILLIAM HEARST.



HIS FIRST BATH.



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The Nobleman: EVERY MAN HAS HIS PRICE, YOU KNOW.
"OH, THIS IS SO SUDDEN!"

would Bunkum's old man have been in the Rebellion had they annoyed a patriot in that way? The meddlers pretend that some thousands of dollars worth of goods are gone astray in my department, and they want to know where it has gone. Did you ever hear of anything quite so absurd? If I knew where it was it wouldn't be gone astray, would it? I put the loss down to the fortune of war, as any sensible man would; but the army gang says that won't go, and are blowing off steam about a court-martial. I am getting sick of this West Point clique, and I don't blame Russell A. for sitting down on them hard.

If the conduct of the war is allowed to slip into the hands of West Point the country will rue it, and our patriotic industries will feel the difference. West Point is utterly unscrupulous in its methods; in-

stead of using diplomacy, benevolent assimilation and cablegrams, it will rush in and end the whole business before the Administration has made up its mind where it is at. The whole thing will look bad for the party; and these fool volunteers out in the rice fields are in sympathy with the regulars, instead of standing by us patriots of the volunteer staff. The Administration should open its eyes to this West Point plot; it has already captured the meddling war correspondents, and is worse than the Boston crowd.

I am beginning to think republics are ungrateful; my sacrifices have been made in vain; and unless I am transferred to Cuba or Porto Rico, or get a good opening here, I'll throw up the whole business and come home. I have written Gasaloon about a transfer, and the boys should get up a

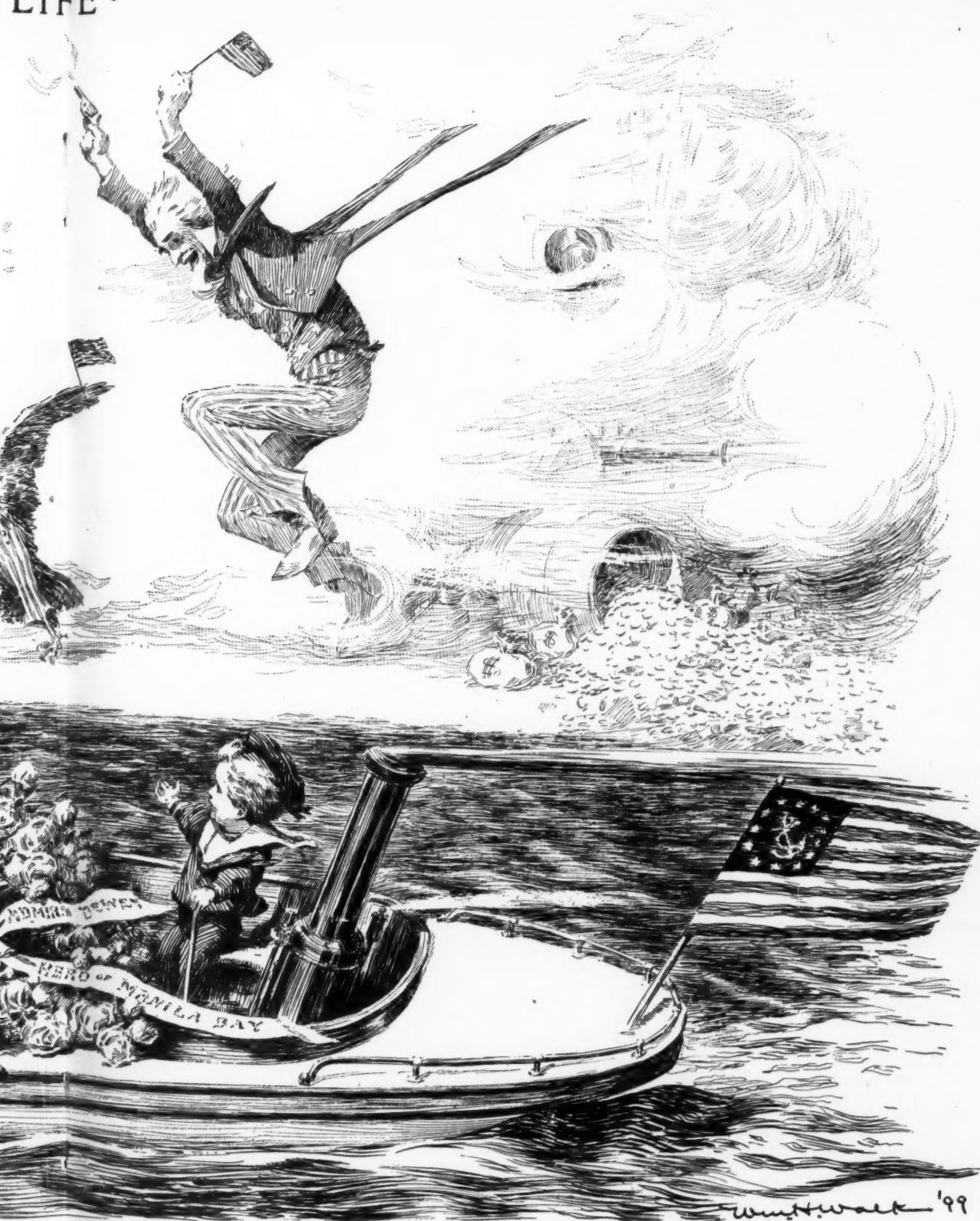
strong petition to him before the fall elections. That'll do the business. Of course, I won't come out of this thing dead broke. I have had my opportunities and know a good thing when I see it, but I don't want to be hounded out of the army because a lot of West Point upstarts are suspicious and envious.

My experience here convinces me that the danger to our country lies in militarism, and that the quicker we abolish West Point and the regular army the better for the United States. The true strength of a republic lies in a patriotic militia, fresh, vigorous volunteers, unhampered by military nonsense, and a sturdy, loyal staff drawn from the ranks of reliable party workers. With these the country is safe from the wiles and Prussianizing methods of West Point. Yours truly, Q. M. D.



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The Admiral: WHAT AILS OUR
Life: IT'S ONLY HIS WAY OF SHOWING HIS PR



al: WHAT AILS OUR UNCLE?
Y OF SHOWING HIS PRIDE IN YOU, MY BOY.



Two Notable Dramatizations.

WE have heard considerable talk lately of the unfitness of the writings of Thackeray and Dickens for readers of the present generation. It was Mr. W. D. Howells, we believe, who first formulated this charge, and minor lights have from time to time reiterated in varying forms the dictum of this high authority. In direct refutation comes the artistic and popular success of two plays founded on the writings of the two great depictees of humanity and permeated with their creative spirit. Already this has awakened a new interest in their books. Readers sated with the ephemeral writing of our own day are taking from the top shelves of their libraries the volumes of the neglected masters, and are finding in their pages a keen delight and refreshment which proves that Dickens and Thackeray wrote not for one generation, or two generations, but for all generations of English-reading people.

THE lover of Thackeray who expects to find in "Becky Sharp," at the Fifth Avenue, all of "Vanity Fair" reproduced in dramatic form is bound to be disappointed. "Vanity Fair" is a long book, and we have not yet adopted the Chinese custom of continuing our plays through successive performances. A four-act play can at best give but a sketchy idea of a book with so many characters and incidents. Mr. Mitchell has done this deftly, and about the episodes of *Becky's* life which he has chosen to illustrate he has kept enough of the atmosphere and spirit of Thackeray to satisfy thoroughly that admirer of the author who is willing to concede the necessities involved in the dramatist's task.

Mrs. Fiske's portrayal of *Becky* is in the main satisfactory. Thackeray gave us a better picture of *Becky's* mind than of her body, so we have no authority to contradict Mrs. Fiske's conception of the physical attributes, although we think it can be safely said that *Becky* was too clever to sport such a monstrosity in hair arrangement as Mrs. Fiske's and that she did not rattle out her words so rapidly that no one could understand what she said. But as a stage reproduction of a psychological study Mrs. Fiske's picture of the working of *Becky's* mind realizes thoroughly, in a general way, the author's conception as we understand it. Mr. Maurice Barrymore is *Randall Crawley* as we have all pictured

him. It is an admirable performance and leaves nothing more to be desired. The same may be said of Mr. Power's *Marquis of Steyne*. The cast throughout is competent, and the play is handsomely mounted. "Becky Sharp" should be seen by every lover of Thackeray, and by those of the new generation who have not yet learned to love him.

THE Only Way," at the Herald Square, is based on episodes in Charles Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," which are turned into a very absorbing play. Like "Becky," it retains largely the author's spirit. The book is a dramatic story, and its incidents lend themselves readily to the dramatist's uses. This is also true of the characters. The *Mr. Lorry* of Mr. Stoddart, for instance, might have stepped directly out of Dickens's pages, so thoroughly does he realize the author's word-painting.

Mr. Henry Miller's *Sydney Carton* was a distinct surprise. It was not only the best thing that Mr. Miller has ever done, but it is one of the best performances by a *jeune premier* that New York has seen for a long time. Mr. Miller has always had advantages of person and presence, but has lacked facility and magnetism. As *Sydney Carton* he seems suddenly to have acquired these in a marked degree, and his depiction of the self-sacrificing hero is a most finished performance. The cast throughout meets all the requirements of the play.

The excellence of the setting and movement in the scene where *Charles Darnay* is condemned by the Revolutionary Tribunal deserves especial commendation. Both as a realistic stage picture and as a faithful reproduction of the methods of the court of the Terror, it satisfies the scholar of history and holds the spectator absorbed.

MR. DANIEL FROHMAN has taken possession of Daly's Theatre, and with commendable taste has made few alterations to remind its patrons of the change of ownership. The opening attraction is Mr. E. H. Sothern as *d'Artagnan* in "The King's Musketeer."

DESPITE its great success in Amsterdam, "The Ghetto," adapted for



Frog: DON'T BE AFRAID, MISTER; IT'S ONLY A FOOT DEEP.

America by Chester Bailey Fernald, is not likely to gain favor in this country. For the Dutch it had a local interest, but here it has to depend solely on its intrinsic merits. These are not so pronounced as to overcome a certain wordiness and slowness of action that weary the spectator.

"The Ghetto" is a curious mixture of pictures from domestic life, strong heroics, and a sort of sturdy Dutch humor. The heroics are supplied by the son and Christian serving-maid of an orthodox and suspicious old Jew, who bitterly resents their marriage. No anti-Semite of France or America could be more resentful or better backed up in race hatred by the prejudice of his fellow-citizens than is old *Sachel* in the Ghetto of Amsterdam. This love of the Jew man for the Christian maid, the opposition of the father and the intolerance of the other Jews, give Mr.



John Drew as "Lady Teazle."



Sol Smith Russell as "Portia."

AS PROMINENT ACTORS SEEM TO BE INSPIRED BY SARA'S EXAMPLE, LIFE VENTURES A FEW PREDICTIONS.

Haworth and Miss Filkins ample opportunity for that "strong" acting once so much admired, but fortunately little called for in modern plays outside of the Bowery. According to the old standards Mr. Haworth might be an ideal *Rafael*; according to ours he is over-violent and over-vehement. The rest of the cast is fairly competent, and handles its heavy material with fair success. The humor arises from the Dutch

notion of the Jew and Jewish traits so familiar on our own vaudeville stage. It is impersonated in *Aaron*, a greedy merchant and father of a daughter whom he wishes to marry off. He is portrayed by Mr. Emmett Corrigan, who succeeds admirably without dropping into variety stage methods, in spite of what must be great temptation.

"The Ghetto" is certainly interesting.

With pruning and acceleration of action it might become absorbing. *Metcalfe.*

Placing the Blame.

SHE: Why is it that you never take me to a decent play?

HE: Because, my dear, this is the end of the nineteenth century, and we live in New York.



Francis Wilson as "Lady Macbeth."

The Ancient Burmese.

THERE once was an ancient Burmese,
Who always crawled 'round on his
knees,
"For," said he, "I might fall
If I stood up at all;
So I'm very much safer on these!"

"**A**ND you were at Saratoga this
summer? Were there many
Christians there?"

"Yes, there were some Christians, but
not enough to make it objectionable."

His Peculiar Predicament.

"**F**ELLER by the name of Stang,
here in the village, made a funny
mistake the other night," said the loqua-
cious landlord of the tavern at Petty-
ville. "He hopped out of bed, about
midnight, to git some medicine for the
colic, and by mistake in the dark took a
big swig out of a bottle of scarlet dye
that his wife had put away to save for
future use. About ten minutes later he

was hollerin' like he had swallowed a
red-hot torchlight procession."

"Did he die?" asked the drummer to
whom the landlord was relating the yarn.

"Wa'al—er—" was the reply, "he
did and he didn't."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, he dyed on the inside, but he
is still alive on the outside. Another
funny thing about it is that while he is
undoubtedly very red inwardly, he still
looks awful blue outwardly."



Frank Daniels as "Marguerite."



"I'SE GWINE TER GIVE YOU GALS WHAT STRADDLE DEM WHEELS A GOOD TALKIN' TO AT NEX' SUNDAY'S MEETIN'."

"INDEED! WHAT YOU CALL IT, DE SERMON ON DE MOUNT?"

Birds of a Feather.

ACCORDING to *Our Dumb Animals*, at the recent pigeon shoot in New Jersey a pigeon that escaped the marksman was shot by an outsider, and was found to contain nine pins, stuck in various parts of its body. The pins were stuck in the feet and up the leg the entire length of the pin. The object of this torture is to cause the pigeon to fly rapidly from the trap. Another method of torture is to cut the bird's toes off, pull the feathers out and bite the neck enough to hurt it severely.

So the spirit of the vivisector is pos-

sessing the pigeon shooter! We confess to considerable surprise, as we had given the pigeon shooter credit for being a grade higher than the other fellow, although blowing little birds to pieces with a gun never did impress us as being the pluckiest kind of sport.

The Right Spirit.

THE FATHER: When I was your age, sir, I didn't have time to spend my nights running after the girls.

"Well, dad, I shall be only too glad if I can be of any service to you now."

A CERTAIN LADY TO A CERTAIN GALLANT OFFICER.

I BEG, ADMIRAL, THAT WITH THIS WREATH YOU WILL ACCEPT ALSO THE ASSURANCES OF MY HIGHEST CONSIDERATION AND ESTEEM. YOU HAVE DONE YOUR DUTY IN THE PAST, AND I HAVE NO DOUBT YOU WILL CONTINUE TO DO IT IN THE FUTURE. AND, SPEAKING OF THAT, ADMIRAL, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE MY GUEST AT THE WHITE HOUSE FOR THE FOUR YEARS BEGINNING MARCH THE FOURTH, 1901?



To an Automobile.

THOU horseless thing! thou modern toy!
That worketh by a lever,
Created since I was a boy,
I'll love thee never, never!

Unwieldily, meaningless thou art,
Antithesis of beauty!
A coarse machine, without a heart,
But fit for base-born duty.

Yet stay. My lady love inside,
No reins—do thy endeavor.
Get up! Along side streets now glide,
While I hug on forever!

THE good work in the Philippines progresses slowly, to be sure, but there is this consolation, that every day sees a certain number of those wicked foreigners either maimed or killed outright. Of course many of our own soldiers are also maimed and killed outright, but that is to be expected in every war, however holy. And this war is certainly holy if there is any sanctity in ownership. We bought 'em at two dol-



A CRAWL.

The Huntsman: HONEST, MR BIRD, I WUEN'T HUNTIN' FOR YOU. I WUS AFTER BUTTERFLIES!

lars a head, and if they won't stay bought, why, shoot 'em! And if they are so everlastingly benighted as to shoot back we must send more troops. Such good work should not languish.





ONE time, when Dewey was a young lieutenant, he sailed under an eccentric captain. The ship put in at Rio de Janeiro when the commander was much worried about the health of a pet parrot. He asked the ship's doctor to prescribe, and the latter expressed the opinion that all the bird needed was a chance to climb into the green tree on shore, chew bark, and disport itself. So the captain summoned his steward and bade him take the parrot ashore and give it some exercise.

The captain's steward was an important person then. This one was a conceited old darkey, who aped absurdly the authoritative ways of his master, and the men were always on the lookout for a chance to play him some trick. When he stepped to the port gangway to get into the liberty boat, with the cage containing the bird enclosed in an old ammunition bag, they saw their opportunity. There was a sea running in the harbor, which made it difficult for the boat to keep alongside, and, just as the steward put out a foot toward the gunwale, they purposely eased her off, so that he tumbled into the sea. He was pulled out in a minute, but the parrot and the cage went to the bottom.

The steward was distressed. He dreaded punishment by the captain, who had said that he would hold him responsible for the safety of the bird. Having shore leave for three days, he spent his time wandering about the city and figuring to himself how he would put in the balance of the voyage in the ship's brig on bread and water, double-ironed, and exposed to the derision of the crew. At length he was struck with a brilliant idea. Rio was full of parrots, and one parrot is much like another, especially green ones. He bought, for the equivalent of seventy-five cents, a green bird with a yellow head, which looked to him like the twin brother of the one drowned. He was also lucky enough to find a cage like

the lost one, and in it he took his precious purchase back to the frigate.

Now, as Dewey tells the story, the captain was delighted to see his pet once more, and especially to see how much its plumage was improved, and how much more sprightly it had become. But his astonishment may be imagined when, being asked whether he would like a cracker, the bird responded with a string of Portuguese oaths. Being fed, it expressed its satisfaction with a lot of swear words in Spanish, and this so amazed the commander that he felt obliged to share his feelings with somebody. Dewey, who had been walking the quarter-deck, was summoned to the cabin, and the parrot was persuaded to swear some more for his benefit.

"Mr. Dewey," said the captain, excitedly, "that is a most remarkable bird. He has been ashore only three days, and in that time, upon my sacred honor, he has picked up a thorough working knowledge of the Spanish and Portuguese languages."—*New York Sun*.

WHEN a famous archaeologist went into his club the other afternoon, his erudite countenance was ornamented at several points with sticking-plaster, and there was a general inquiry among his friends as to what was the matter.

"Razor," said the professor, briefly.

"Good gracious! Where were you shaved?" asked one of the younger members, sympathetically.

"It's a strange thing," said the man of learning. "I was shaved this morning by a man who really is, I suppose, a little above the ordinary barber. I know of my own knowledge that he took a Double First Class at Oxford, that he studied in Heidelberg afterwards, and spent several years in other foreign educational centres. I know, also of my own knowledge, that he has contributed scientific articles to our



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A Drama in Sunshine. By Horace Annesley Vachell. London and New York: Macmillan and Company. \$1.50.

The Richard Mansfield Calendar for 1900. Illustrations and Autograph Quotations. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Fifteenth Annual Report of the U. S. Civil Service Commission. Washington: Government Printing Office.

The Rabbits. By F. Marion Crawford. New York and London: The Macmillan Company. \$1.00.

best magazines, and has numbered among his intimate friends men of the highest social and scientific standing. And yet," soliloquized the savant, "he can't shave a man decently."

"By Jove!" exclaimed the young member, in astonishment. "What is he a barber for, with all those accomplishments?"

"Oh, he isn't a barber!" said the bookworm, yawning. "You see, I shaved myself to-day."—*Exchange*.

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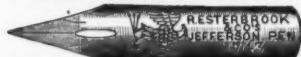
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"Which battle?"

"Yes; in which battle was he killed?"

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—Spare Moments.

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—*Harper's Magazine*.

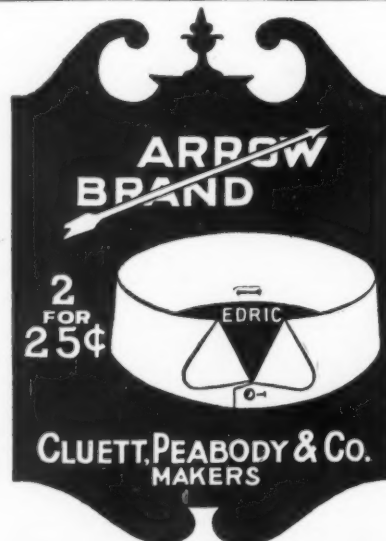
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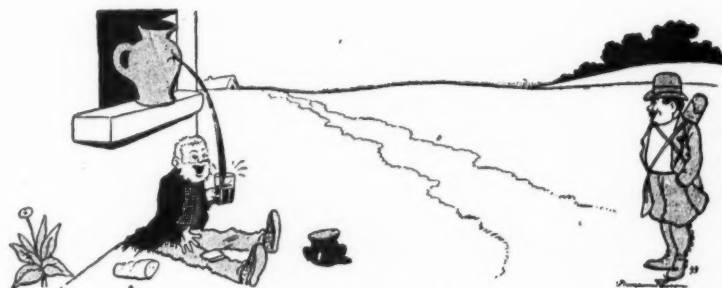
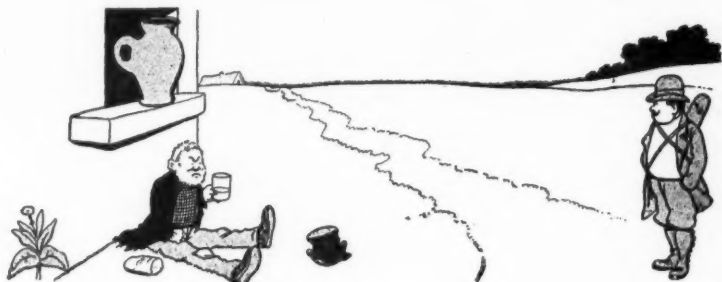
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